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DART- MOUTH LITERARY



MONTHLY

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L.B.I.



THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY.

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THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY

Is published each of the nine months of the college year by a board of editors from the Senior and Junior classes. Its endeavor will be to represent the literary spirit of Dartmouth, and to incite the students to more careful and thorough work in the study of literature.

The editors from succeeding classes will be chosen according to merit, as shown by competition. In this choice, some member of the Faculty will act with the regular board.

In accordance with college custom, the magazine will be sent to each student. Those wishing to discontinue it will please notify the business manager.

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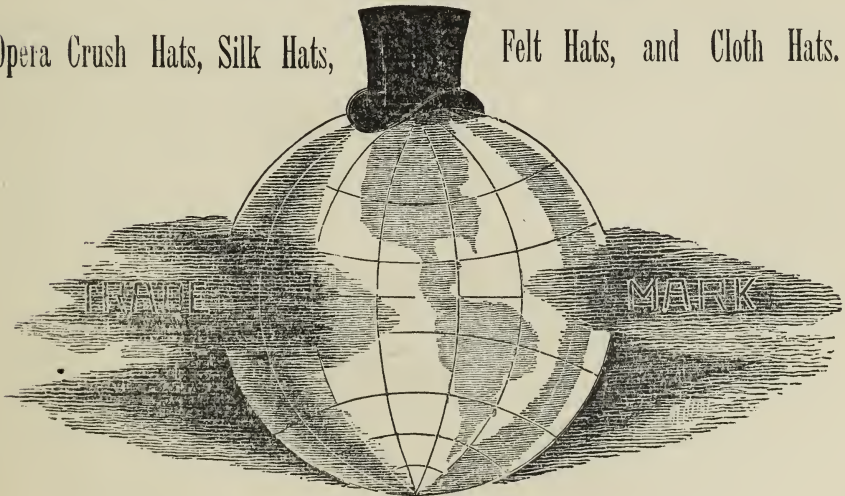
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MARCH, 1889.

No. 6.

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STATISTICS, OR BOOKS?

May the "literary man" thrive on a newspaper?

This question has taken the place of that kindred and well worn one that exercised the college bred mind so thoroughly a few years ago,—Has the college man himself an equal chance for success in newspaper making with the so called self-made individual? That question perished, perforce, from lack of vitality. How could it be otherwise, when there sprang up to answer it men from the editorial desks of almost every great paper in the country; men of brilliancy, men of solid ability, splendid thinkers and splendid doers,—self-made men, indeed, but whose own work was rounded and smoothed by that influence of good intellects, and that other harsher but no less helpful rubbing process, that make up what is known as college life. The question died because the men who answered "No" were wielding less power, making a duller imprint into the times, and getting less for their labor, almost without exception, than the men who answered "Yes." College men have long since ceased to trouble themselves about the possible hindrance that their training might be to newspaper success. They know better now. The only doubt that is left them is whether to be "literary" or "practical," whether to know books and have the art of writing, or statistics and the feat of

remembering; whether, as somebody has said, to be a human pen or a human cyclopædia. It is well to note here that all newspaper offices have excellent sets of cyclopædias; good pens are not so plenty.

The question that stands at the beginning of this page seems to gain special pertinence from the fact that the ably written article on newspapers in the December number of this magazine hints in a gentle and winning way that the "literary man" has no chance on a newspaper; that an intimate acquaintance with authors avail-eth not against a working familiarity with crop reports; and that to quote Anglo-Saxon to a managing editor would make that functionary's hair stand on end. This is taking an unfair advantage of Anglo-Saxon. I am the last man to advise the propriety of hurling the language of Beowulf about a newspaper office. It has its uses, however, and they are not to be despised. The article then proceeds to say that "Emerson, Hawthorne, Irving, Whittier, Longfellow, all this train of pure and noble souls, would not have made the American newspaper a success." With equal propriety I might say that John L. Sullivan, Texas Jack, Dennis Kearney, all this train of daring and practical souls, would scarcely produce a better paper than the poets. But Dartmouth is in no danger from dreamers. She does need a finer spirit of literary work, which it is more than evident she is fast acquiring. And now recurs once more the question,—Shall men who are trying to foster that spirit turn away from newspaper work, or not?

The fledgling newspaper man from college, no matter how comprehensive his designs on the world at large, how rosy his hopes, or how unshaken his trust in self, is almost invariably to find a reporter's assignment waiting to give him greeting into his new life. He is given a definite thing to do, with instructions how to do it. He does not, as we all once thought he did, wander about the city like a jolly old Greek prospecting for some "new thing." His course at first is very rigidly marked out, but within the narrow bounds set for him he can either make or mar his future on the paper in whose service he is lucky enough to be enlisted. A very few days will usually suffice to show what man-

ner of man he is. Here, then, comes his bow on the threshold; and he certainly needs all the grace and address possible, that it may be a successful one. Here counts, both in dollars and in favor with the powers that be, a clean-cut style, a readiness in handling phrases, a deft incision at the root of the matter in hand; in short, that somewhat rare, and so ever appreciated, power of putting in words what the eyes have seen and the ears heard.

The editor of the New York *Evening Sun*, and one of Mr. Dana's most valued men, Mr. S. Jay Edwards, has this to say about the art of reporting:

We have observed one thing, and that is, that there is a great tendency on the part of newspaper readers to enjoy, and therefore to demand, imaging reports. By that I do not mean imaginative reports, but the picturing with a pen of an event so that it may be vividly impressed upon the mind of the reader.

It scarcely need be suggested to any reader of this magazine what sort of preliminary work would best fit a man to become a reporter on the New York *Sun*, that best and brightest of all American dailies. You may stuff yourself with facts and figures till you become an animated census report; you may drive into an insanity of joy your learned professor by flawless papers and recitations on political economy and constitutional law; but if you do not know books, if you have not trained your pencil to draw word-pictures with swift, easy strokes by that best training of all, acquaintance with the master products of others, supplemented by persistent efforts of your own, you will journey through the land of reporting as a traveller without water in the desert, and would best turn back. You would doubtless do very well in the commercial department of the paper, verifying daily the startling facts that butter is "firm" and "30 @ 32c."

Next to reporting, in the general scale of newspaper progression, comes editing—not the writing of editorials, but what the word really means, the preparing of matter for the compositor. Here it might seem that the need for literary instinct were not so imperative. But is this supposition true?

In every great importing house of that Chinese staple, tea, there is one man whose services are invaluable. Not that he is a producer; he may never have seen a growing tea plant in his life. Not that he has a fine business capacity to sell the goods to others: he may be a veritable Simple Simon in matters of commercial transfer. He is needed because by the subtleness of his palate he can fix at once the quality of the tea submitted to him; can tell whether the plant grew upon the highlands or the lowlands; can almost say whether through the majority of its life it had been kissed by the sun or pelted by the rain. And similar to the tea-tasters, it seems to me, are the duties of a desk-man on a newspaper. He must have a perfect sense of proportion, and must know the good from the bad at a glance, so that when matter passes through his hands to be "boiled," or amplified, as the case may be, he can do his work quickly and accurately. This power is not the birthright of every man, nor of the majority of men. In most cases it must be trained, if not acquired, by other means than those to be found within one's own personality, and for this I know no better workshop than a library, and no better tools than those books usually classified among the *belle-lettres*.

There are two departments of newspaper work in which not even the most rabid utilitarian would deny the absolute necessity of a fine literary instinct and a well trained writing power. One of these is the making of editorials. To do this work is the longing of every young newspaper man's soul, and at some time or other he generally does it. And when the time comes for him to sit at his desk and produce something that intentionally challenges the attention of a great many men and women, he is a very rash fellow indeed if he takes his seat unprepared. At his right hand is an admirably arranged scrap-cabinet, giving him accurate details of every topic under the sun: let him proceed with the editorial. His brain is fairly snapping with brilliant ideas, but somehow they ooze out upon his paper in the shape of bombastic drivel or dreary commonplaces. What is the matter? The question is not worth an answer. And the other case, that of the correspondent, is very similar. The man who writes to his home

paper from Washington, for instance, must above all else be brilliant; his pen must be a magician's wand, that makes his readers see dash and excitement in a meeting of a committee on agriculture. The home paper requires very little knowledge of statistics on his part; it may even overlook a bit of rustiness on the workings of the national banking system; but brilliancy it will have, and if the man at Washington cannot produce it, the crops and the banks won't save him.

The sooner the idea that a literary man is necessarily a mental "dude" is gotten rid of, the better it will be for all colleges, Dartmouth well up among the number. We all know her horror of any departure, how ever infinitesimal, from manliness, her famed scorn for that weak something called "culchaw;" she has yet to learn some of the finer lessons of life, and to fully see that books and book-inspiration make a keener brain, a readier hand, a truer heart, a better man.

This paper has been no plea for the novel-soaked idler who imagines that long hair and a pensive eye mark him as "literary." It has tried to say something to those men who, failing to be that wonderful creation, a "happy admixture of both" (mentioned by the writer in the December number), turn to the "groves of the academy," as President Lord of honored memory used to say, and put to best account the lessons taught there. They will tell you that of two men, intellects and temperaments being equal, the one who can write is the man the newspapers want. There is no exception to this rule.

One qualification the intending newspaper man must have, and must cultivate to its most vigorous growth: without it all that could be said to him in any direction would be as tinkling brass. That is the power and determination to work. Neither literature nor statistics can produce this qualification. It is above them both.

W. D. Quint.

A STAR MESSAGE.

I stand alone at night;
A mantle soft and white
O'er sleeping earth is spread
From cloud-looms, vapor fed.

Above on watch-towers high
Star sentries in the sky
Send tidings far and near,
As I pause watching here.

One star peered o'er the crest
Of mountains in the west,
And in its radiant grace
Beheld my lady's face.

And from her sparkling eye,
Where merry twinkles lie,
A signal comes to me
Which none but I can see.

G.

AN UNDERGROUND DINNER.

“Does John Ball work in the New Detmole?” I asked of a man whose eyes had the fringe of black and his face the blue scars that told me he was a miner.

“Yes,” and he pointed to the mountain half a mile below on the opposite side of the creek.

I looked, and saw half way up the mountain a girdle of railroad, and a number of freight cars standing by a dump, which indicated the mouth of a mine. I walked down, and commenced the ascent along the road taken by the mine horses in going up from the stables. The mud was just beginning to grow soft, and as I stopped and leaned against a tree to rest, for the climb was steep, I caught glimpses of bold mountain scenery to the west, where the morning mists still lingered in the deep, narrow valleys.

I reached the mouth of the mine just at noon. A dozen miners who worked near the mouth had come outside and were eating

their dinner. Every eye was turned upon me as I stood for a moment uncertain whom to address, for, as for any choice among them, that was simply impossible. The amiable face of Joe Gargery, or of Rip Van Winkle himself, would have been effectually concealed by the coating of black that covered them entire. There was not a break in the monotony of their appearance—all black, from their “brogans” to the dirty, greasy hats in which the lamps were still burning; all one ominous color—black—except indeed their eyes and lips, and these shone with all the strength of contrast. I addressed myself to one who sat a little apart from the rest, and who proved to be the weigher, or manifest clerk.

“Yes, John Ball is about two miles in,” he said in answer to my inquiry.

I was staggered. The idea of diving two miles into the bowels of the earth called up visions of miners shut in or blown to pieces by fire-damp, and the fate of Bishop Hatto. But being assured that this mine contained no damp, and that there were no rats except in the old worked-out veins, I determined to try it. They filled my lamp with “black strap,” and showed me how to carry it when walking, in order not to blind myself.

“Keep the left track to the sixteenth right ‘headin’,’ and any of the drivers inside can tell you where Ball works.”

Repeating these directions to myself, and with my lamp tightly clutched in my left hand, I turned my back upon the light of day and started on my underground journey. For the first few hundred feet a continuous shower of water fell from the roof; but once beyond this the road was solid and dry. There were two tracks, and between them a row of posts about three feet apart, to support the roof. The track on which I was walking was not then in use. It was some time before I could “get my sight,” but after that I could see quite a distance ahead, and began to calculate how long it would take me to reach my destination. Two miles! I had often walked that in less than half an hour, and if the walking remained this good, I would soon cover the distance. I increased my pace to a brisk walk. Everything was of the one all-pervading

color,—above, below, around,—as black as the wings of night. The stillness was deathlike, oppressive. The only sounds that broke the silence were my own footfalls, which echoed faintly along the corridor, and the whir-r, whir-r of my lamp flame as I brought it forward at each swing of my arm.

I was soon breathing hard from exercise which in the open air would have been only moderate. The air was heavy, and it required more to support extra exertion. I slackened my pace, and watched the curious shadows which my lamp threw on the opposite wall and along the path in front. In the distance something white appeared hanging from the ceiling: it was mine mold, and came down in rounded festoons so beautiful and delicate that I stood looking at it for some time. At the first touch it vanished like mist. I often saw this afterwards in old or deserted rooms, turning the posts into pillars of snow and hanging in stalactites of crystal. A few minutes after this I came upon a room where several miners were seated waiting for the “empties” to come. They peered curiously at me out of the darkness, and when I inquired for John Ball, one of them said,—

“I’m his ‘buddie’ [his partner], and am going into his room as soon as the cars come.”

So I decided to wait rather than wander about in those dark and winding passages alone. At last we heard the cars coming far down the grade; then the lights on the drivers’ hats came in sight, flitting about in the darkness, and as they came up to us the steam from the horses’ bodies, and the smoke from the lamps, made the air quite hazy. The driver who ran into “No. 19” told me to get into the front car, and look out for the low ceiling. He freshened the oil in our lamps, perched himself on the corner of the car, shouted at the horse, who, after straining and slipping for a few seconds, put the three cars in motion. The driver’s head seemed to run tangent to the ceiling, and the lamp flame streamed back over his head as we plunged on into the darkness ahead. I could not see in advance of the horse, and as we passed tunnels and cross-tunnels, around sharp corners and sudden turns, I thought the horse must every minute come up against a wall of coal. But on

we swept into the Stygian darkness until the car stopped suddenly, and the driver shouted,—

“Here we are.”

I found a miner seated on a huge block of coal. This was John Ball, and we were two miles under the mountain. After transacting my business with him, I was turning to go, when he uncovered his dinner-pail. I had not had anything to eat since early morning, and had been walking ever since. It was the day after Christmas, and his pail was bursting with the ruins of the dinner of the day before. The temptation was too great:

“Will you sell me part of your dinner?”

“Sell it? Why, bless you, man, help yourself!”

I needed no urging, and I can never tell you how good that dinner was, “finished off” with a drink from his pot of coffee. Our hands were both black with coal dust, but there was no water, and we did not stand on ceremony. When I tried to force him to take some pay, he only laughed. He did not have enough opportunities for hospitality, he said, to let any of them go unimproved. As I shook his black but honest hand, I felt that here, in impenetrable gloom, in the heart of this old mountain, flourished a true spirit of chivalry such as one seldom meets in the light of day.

The ride out was down grade, and the cars ran by their own weight. I was given a station on the bumper of the last car, and after jerking around sharp turns, we reached the main heading, and a number of other cars were added to our train. Standing on the bumper of the last car in a half stooping position, I dug out room enough in the coal for my hands, and awaited developments. The cars moved slowly as the breaks were loosened one by one, but they soon gathered motion enough to make it quite a feat to “hang on.” A large piece of coal gradually settled against my hand, and every lurch increased the pressure. When we reached the steep part of the grade, all breaks were put on, but the momentum was so great that the cars slid along as over a greased surface. At last daylight appeared far in the distance, a glimmer like that of cold steel. A rush of fresh air, and we were in the sunlight again.

W. S. S.

THE HEALER.

On the shore of one of New England's loveliest lakes, negligently scattering the sand with his bare feet, and ever and anon lifting his dark eyes toward the misty mountains, just now wrapt in the mellow haze of an autumnal afternoon, sat a boy about ten years of age. Here he was born and reared, with the mountains behind and the emerald dotted lake in front. Untutored in the superficial civilization of the outer world, he had grown up a moody, uncongenial child of the hills,—simple in his habits, and with no occupation save occasionally to assist his aged grandfather in the little garden.

His days were spent in roaming through the pathless forests, and his nights in musing, and picturing to a vivid imagination the scenes which lay beyond those bare summits that in the mystic light and shadow of a summer day seemed almost evanescent, but none the less an impenetrable barrier between him and the rest of the world.

However, on this particular afternoon the child's thoughts were far removed from the fields of glory and ambition's lofty flights; the rough exterior had fled to the forests, leaving the warm, tender impulses of a pure heart more than usually chastened by the memories of a sweet, sad face that used to bend over him with its gentle, motherly affection.

It was four years since that almost girlish face was laid to rest on its pillow of damp, cold earth, and he too young to realize its full meaning. Now it came back to him in all its terrible reality. The large sorrowful eyes seemed to look down upon him from a far away land in the most affectionate pity,—O God! why did you take the loving heart away from this yearning soul?

The boy is still looking out over the calm waters; the sun has sunk behind the western hills, and the shadows of night are fast closing in. The old morbid fancies have returned to sate his mind with dismal forebodings, and shroud his face in its habitual mantle of sullenness. A thin, cracked voice comes to him, wafted on the cool night air, and, rising from the sand, he slowly moves up the

grass-grown path to a dark house, looming up dim and gaunt in the gathering gloom.

One often feels a sort of reverence for an old time-stricken structure that has sheltered the same family for two or three generations, even though the paint be dingy and the chimney crumbling into dust. But no such feeling occupied the mind of this unhappy boy, nor would a mind imbued with far more respect for the relics of a by-gone age be impressed with aught but repugnance. Everything had the appearance of fast going to decay.

The clapboards, blackened by long exposure to rain and snow, stared grimly at the rippling water, while the unwashed windows, stuffed with rags and other odds and ends, glared as in supreme disgust at their unwholesome setting. On all sides was apparent the lack of thrift, but more than all in the little garden where the sickly vegetables vainly struggled to rise above the rank weeds and barn-grass.

What could be the effect of such a home on a youth naturally of a melancholy disposition but to still further disease his imagination and fill his mind with morbid fancies?

With the usual scowl he opened the door, slammed it behind him, and throwing himself down on an old husk lounge, glanced restlessly around. The bare plastering, here and there knocked out in great pieces, shone grimly in the feeble light of a tallow candle, while the only possibility of comfort was imprisoned in a rust-eaten, tight stove.

After a silent and scanty meal the young lad climbed to the loft above to dream, perhaps, of a golden future studded with the priceless gems of peace and plenty. The old clock striking the hour of ten found his aged grandparents still sitting before the stove, rehearsing the strange, sad story of their family.

Some hundred years before, their ancestors, persecuted for witchcraft at Salem, had fled to this mountain retreat to escape martyrdom at the hands of frenzied fanatics. For three generations now had this same family lived here, slowly drifting away from the tracks of that civilization which in mockery of its name had committed such acts of barbarity.

The present owner of the little farm had brought into the world a daughter,—the rarest flower of the whole region, beautiful in form and feature, and no less so in loveliness of disposition.

Leñ astray by a man too cowardly to stand by her in the hour of need, she left as a memorial of her sin this boy, who, all unconscious of the disgrace attending his birth, had grown up a simple product of nature. When six short years had passed by, the young mother sickened and died, leaving the innocent child to struggle with the world as best he could.

Such was the story of their family since the exiles had come here to live. The candle burned low in its socket, and with a last despairing flicker went out, leaving them in a darkness in perfect congruity with their thoughts.

Five years have elapsed, and a slowly moving wagon is bearing the remains of two elderly persons, who by a strange coincidence died within a day of each other, to their last resting-place. Beside the newly dug graves stands a sturdy youth, with his vacant eyes fixed on the distant mountains. He is alone in the world now; no longer will the dismal habitation by the lake hear the shrill voice and moody response; no longer will the croaking frogs in the little pond behind the house have a listener to sympathize with their mournful strains; no longer will the white scar on the brow of the grand old mountain look down with a kindly sorrow on a dark young face, or enter into silent converse with his soul. After what a brutal neighbor has just told of his mother's sin, he can no longer endure to be near the places which at best had given him but little comfort. The good old parson from a neighboring village has closed his prayer for the departed souls, and while the unsympathetic men are filling up the graves, the boy raises his eyes for one moment to the sky—then with hard set features vanishes into the woods.

Twenty years ago a large sanitarium was erected on the outskirts of a far Western town among the gently undulating hills. But a short walk from the building flows a beautiful limpid stream, sheltered from the wind by sunny hills and dark clad trees. The current, hardly perceptible in its sluggish course, whispers softly

to the half submerged rushes and sedgy banks. Here, on a warm day, may be seen small flat-bottomed boats, with two or three patients slowly propelled up the sun-flecked river by sturdy boatmen.

What place could be more soothing to mind or body than this still, calm fellowship between the overhanging boughs and deep, pellucid water! Scenes of grandeur often oppress one with their very magnitude; a simple, tranquil vision like this—never!

Here amid the quiet rural scenery a mysterious stranger lived for eight years, curing all manner of diseases in his calm, simple way. The lame came weak and trembling, to go away, often within a few hours, well and strong. The insane were restored to rationality after a few days of treatment. But his greatest power seemed to be over ulcers, and wounds of that character; even the bite of a dog was touched and effectually cured. He was ever the same—grave almost to coldness, except when some need called the blaze of light to his eyes.

Of the crowds that visited him daily, many inquired for some tangible explanation of his wonderful power over human life, but invariably went away unenlightened. He always said he could not tell himself. He knew not what it was, or how it acted. Certain it was, no remedies were employed—nothing but the power of his glance and the pressure of those large sympathetic hands. There were many who thought it was from God; to whom he replied,—“I know it is good, no more.” Still others asked if it was from the devil. He simply answered,—“I know not. Only this I do know: it must be a good devil, if it be from him, for it never has done harm.”

How widely apart the mystical, one might say almost divine, power and the purely human—for he could not even read nor write. But, though ignorant of the simplest rudiments of language, he would, guided by an impulse inexplicable to himself, when handed a book, open at once to where he wished it read—passages invariably superior to the general context. The Bible and Longfellow found the greatest favor in his sight, and he loved to sit in the calm of a closing day, listening to portions of the Psalms and of Isaiah.

One morning, as he lay looking out over the hills to the sun just bursting through a light morning mist, a strange weariness seemed to steal over him. That day the crowd outside, for the first time in eight years, beat against his door in vain. For two weeks he lay weak and passive, wishing only the companionship of his beautiful young wife, a girl whose life he had once miraculously saved.

'Twas on a still Sabbath morning, as he watched the light sparkling on the river, and thought of a far Eastern scene beneath the shadow of a white scarred mountain, that he began to speak. And this was what he said: "I remember the gleams and glooms that dart across the boy's brain—the song and silence that in part are prophecies, and in part are longings wild and vain. Oh! the voice of that fitful song sings on and is never still; a boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

More slowly,—“I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, whose eternal purposes from all time have been working, are now, and to all eternity shall work towards everlasting good.”

Then brokenly,—“Nothing that is shall perish,—but perish only to rise again. The spirit world around this world of sense floats like an atmosphere.”

“I am satisfied.”

John H. Quint.

THE SUNSET ISLANDS.

Far off in the western sky,
In a glory of purple and gold,
The Sunset Islands lie,—
A picture of peace untold.

Thither the burning sun
Hastes through the cloudless sky,
When his journey is done,
And the shades of night draw nigh.

Slowly he sinks to rest
From the sight of mortal eyes :
The world, in darkness dressed,
In slumberous quiet lies.

Darkness and gloomy night
Never are known of there
A shimmering, quivering light
Gleams through the balmy air.

A laughing summer sea
Stretches on every hand ;
The blue waves dance in glee
On the white and shining sand.

Sweet, melodious song
Is heard in the stately trees ;
Gently it floats along,
Borne on the evening breeze.

Softly the tree-tops sigh,
"This is the land of rest ;"
And the sleeping winds reply,
"The isles of the ever-blest !"

And my spirit fain would roam
On that peaceful, happy shore,
There to find its home
In rest forevermore.

Herbert S. Hopkins.

WINTER AND ITS FRIENDS.

Since the four seasons began to wing their annual way about our little planet, winter, more than any of the others, has had to endure the idle gossip of the *profanum vulgus*. Indeed, he is no tender, familiar being, but rather a typical northerner, as he should be, with manners seldom affable, always a little reserved, and often gruff or even surly. But, fortunately, as with all good northerners, there is another side to this seeming ill-humor, a side which is shown only to those who, for a season every day, quit toasting their precious shins at the blazing hearth and seek the exhilaration of a winter walk.

To the majority of mortals the frosty air and the blue dome above, the crisp, creaking snow underfoot,—alas, for the perversity of the race!—are best enjoyed in the freedom of fancy, with the feet comfortably crossed upon the fender. It is to this poor, misguided element that, in the rôle of a confirmed tramp, I would address a word, which may throw light upon the true character of the season of cold.

In the first place, winter is not so forbidding an individual as we hearth-lovers imagine. The teamster on the road, and the logging-man in the woods, have to thank him for an effervescence of energy and good spirits enjoyed at no other time. Visit the logging-camp when the sun has set, and watch the evening repast. In the little hut a scorching fire blazes up the fireplace, about which sit the swarthy Canadians. Ye gods! how these men eat! Huge hunks of salt pork form the *entrées* of the banquet, *porc salé* the meats, and as for the dessert, it is hard-tack and salt pork. How our French friend yonder smacks his lips over that raw mass which a moment ago was a frozen chunk in the pork barrel, but which now, thawed by the flame, seems to him a morsel such as Charles Lamb describes, melting with liquid sweetness! What cares he for the dainties that the townsman must needs have to tempt his benumbed palate! His spice is in the odorous hemlocks and pines that wave over his shanty and totter beneath his echoing blows. His pepsin and tonics are the bracing air and pure sunlight. He is the boon companion of winter, acquainted with the old fellow's moods, and ready to endure the roughest sport and grimmest storm that his patron and friend may vent upon him.

Perhaps no more unjust remark was ever let fall in regard to our Northern winter than that the birds are driven off by his cold breath to the realms where spring reigns the year round. The fact is, as many a tramp over hill and through dale has taught me, that the "feathered minstrels" are not so solicitous of their voices and fearful of frost-bites as we sometimes think. Winter threatens not so much with his cold as with the profound bread-and-butter question.

The larders of the birds that forage upon the ground, or wade

our streams and float upon our ponds, are locked by the frost and snow, making a trip to Florida imperative for these ; but others are not thus affected. Toothsome—or should we say billsome?—*larvæ* are packed away beneath the bark of many a tree and in the inner chambers of many a stump ; nourishing, spicy seeds are suspended upon the birches ; in the orchards hang frozen apples, which (I have it on the authority of the pine grosbeak and others) are delicious on a mild day ;—all these, and other viands, are still exposed in the markets of winter.

But where are the customers? you say, as you snuggle up to the grate, and under your breath thank your stars that you were n't born with ornithological instincts. Ah ! my friend, draw on your top-boots, don your ulster, and strike out on the crust to the woods.

In these pines we hear the cheery twitter of the chickadees as they pry in every nook and cranny for seeds lodged there by the wind, or for tender insect morsels. Look at that tiny body which you could almost lose in your closed palm. How brightly the fires must burn in that little breast, and how thick must be the feather coat to ward off the bleak winds of February ! With all his guards against cold, however, I fear he would fare ill were it not for his active disposition and cheerful, sunny nature. The most typical south-dwellers that are with us in summer, as the flycatchers and tanagers, are fond of a perch, and show a sort of southern *ennui*. Not so with *Parus*. As you enter the woods at earliest dawn you find him at work, and at sunset he still twitters cheerily as he seeks the last bit of fuel to keep those inner fires ablaze till morning.

Naturally a creature so sociable, so industrious and happy, attracts other congenial spirits to him. The *salon* of the chickadees is open to all, even to man himself, provided he behaves properly and does not abuse his privileges. Among the more important guests, however, are the kinglets, distinguished from common mortals by golden crowns, partially concealed—such is their modesty—by feathers.

With them also flock the goldfinches that we saw trooping

through the air in summer with undulatory flight, carolling, as they rose and fell, those sweet, mellow, plaintive notes that suggested to the naturalist the name of the species,—*tristis*. The goldfinch, however, no longer wears the cloth of gold. This summer garb has been laid aside for one of dull brown. Thus each spring, when we should expect the goldfinch mind would “gently turn to thoughts of love,” his tailor, Nature, decks him out. But the honeymoon speeds by; in August life becomes prosaic; parental cares, perhaps, have weighed upon him, and now his spring suit grows rusty.

We have not, however, spoken of the genuine children of the north. The unobtrusive, yet familiar, brown creeper, the sprightly nut-hatch, and the woodpeckers may be seen winter-long clambering up and down the loose bark of the same tree-trunks that attracted them last summer. Jays, trusting to good looks to atone for boorish manners, scream as lustily in the woods now as when the flocks gathered in the fall, and an occasional crow floats above your head on a fine, mild day. Those Nimrods of the air, the *Raptors*, still scour the woods for squirrels, deer-mice, and hapless kinglets or red-polls; nor are these all of the feathered tribe that experience with us the changing round of seasons.

There is no living creature, however, that is so associated in my mind with winter scenes as is the snow-bunting. Born and reared in the extreme north, this bird whirls down upon us amid the snowflakes of some gusty storm. With a breast as white as the very snow, with a wing that in its waywardness seems guided by the wind itself, he has well been called the “snow-flake.”

There are two birds that visit us each winter from the north, which may be mentioned together only by way of contrast. They are the shrike and pine grosbeak. The very name of shrike (whatever it may be in avian vocabulary) must strike terror to the heart of every undersized member of the bird community; but the grosbeak, though as big as the shrike, provided with an ugly looking beak, and, if an adult male, with his plumage apparently bespattered with the gore of some hapless victim, is as meek and simple a creature as ever warbled.

On those bright days in March when old winter forgets to be crusty and we see the smile of approaching spring, when the warm sap begins to course through the veins of the trees and to melt away the snow at their feet, and when the warm south-wind is loaded heavily with vapors, then the birds of the north seem most abundant. Called out by the fine weather from their thicket rendezvous, they are joined by companions from farther south, and flock together ere they set out for the breeding-grounds among the mountains, or in Labrador and the north.

The black snow-bird, with a dainty, trim figure, easily recognized by white feathers that streak the tail, now twitters at our very doors. Cross-bills, in brick-red costumes, gather in the conifers, and busy themselves in dexterously tearing open the cones with their singular beaks; flocks of pine grosbeaks, too, composed mainly of females, and young males in the ashy-gray plumage of their mothers, may be seen munching cedar-berries, maple seeds, or frozen apples, thus enjoying the last days of their vacation under southern skies ere they go north again. The scarcity of males is a peculiar phenomenon, lamented as much, I daresay, by the maidens and young widows of grosbeak circles as a similar state of affairs is bewailed by the fair sex at some of the watering-places of *genus homo*.

Enough has been said already to show that our snow-mantled woods, pastures, and gardens are far from being tenantless; but we can here give only an inkling of what the winter walker sees and hears. As he strides over the creaking crust through the woods, the red squirrel barks saucily at him, and scampers up to its nest of dry leaves; perchance a partridge whirrs up before him, or, in the distance, sets the echoes of its booming reveille a-flying; a timid rabbit looks askance at him for an instant, and dashes away; or reynard sniffs the tainted air, and gallops off to seek cover.

I know it is the fashion to regard winter as Nature's sleep. We have come to think of her as then tenderly lulling some of her nurslings to slumber in snug cots beneath the sod; as sending others of them away to warmer climes; and, finally, drawing over

her bosom a spotless white coverlid of snow, and sweetly sleeping.

But we forget the forms, throbbing with life and quickened by the cold, that like guardian angels attend her slumbers. To them winter is an universal tonic. The frost king stalks abroad, a jovial companion but an imperious master. He bids all be brisk and active, and in return confers upon his subjects a wine that exhilarates and cheers,—the winter air.

J. H. Gerould.

THE STORM.

When morning came, the air was thick with snow;
The burdened trees, with branches bending low,
Were softly mourning o'er the summer fled,
O'er leaves and flowers forever cold and dead.
The dancing flakes were shouting forth "Heigh-ho;"
The sombre forests answered back "Ah, woe!"
When morning broke.

Ere evening's close, a welcome glory crept
Across the silent sky; the meadows slept
In mantles white; the peak was burnished gold,
And far away the tattered storm-clouds rolled.
A freezing wind across the valley swept;
The lightened, swaying trees no longer wept,
Ere evening's close.

Ozora S. Davis.

THE CHAIR.

Some few thoughts come to us here in the *sanctum*, as a result of attending the annual meeting and dinner of the Intercollegiate Press Association in Boston, February 22d. The pleasure of meeting other men, engaged in similar work, having like trials and perplexities, must give one some new life for his daily task. College journalism has climbed high enough now so that such an association should make no apology for an existence. If, however, it is to become an established fixity, it must certainly consist in more than a yearly assembling for social intercourse. It must fill a need, and make itself an agent for good to each college journal. Otherwise its mission is a failure. Before better results come we must have more systematic arrangement, and greater activity in association work. A union, which has no other function, cannot live a year on a good dinner. It must be founded on business principles, and draw its life from an active intercourse through the entire year. As to the annual meeting, we would have more time spent in the convention. A whole day might well have been devoted to constitutional changes, and the discussion of questions, which received the meagre attention of an hour. A programme, previously prepared, made up of papers and discussions, upon subjects of common interest, could not fail to be interesting and instructive. There should be seventy-five delegates at such a meeting.

This mention of number calls to mind the question of a national association. We cannot see arguments in its favor, but rather many against it. It would prove unwieldy, difficult of management, and would scatter our forces to the detriment of any and all united effort. It would necessarily remove the convention to New York city, and increase the expense of attendance.

We wish to promote common interests. Bringing in more states will weaken unity of sentiment.

A few days ago a member of the Y. M. C. A. committee on Bible study remarked in our presence, "I can't find a college professor who will teach a Bible-class Sunday afternoon." This seemed rather strange, but inquiry proved that earnest effort had been made and failed. The inevitable question then came, Why is this so? Can students in the midst of a crowded curriculum find time for Bible study, and yet be unable to secure an instructor? Is our faculty so hard worked in the daily routine, that not even one can be found whose time will permit a few hours a week to forward this movement? If so, our week-day work is being increased at too great a cost. When our present Biblical courses were introduced, we were told that a comprehensive knowledge of sacred writing and characters was an essential of true culture—a fact which is unquestioned. Whether or not they are accomplishing their mission is much more a matter of doubt.

There has been a wish expressed that we might have a senior elective or optional, in which those desiring might follow out such study. In the meantime there are men who deem its importance so great as to be willing to put time into Bible study in addition to other regular work. Viewed not only from a Christian standpoint, but merely from one of college interest, this is commendable. We cannot believe, that with an understanding of the case, encouragement will long be denied in the shape of instruction. The greatest good comes from the study of the Bible when it is work done pleasantly and freely, unhampered by a text-book, an assigned number of pages, and a marking system.

It might seem to a casual reader, that, when our college editors have no other subject in hand, they turn instinctively to the library. Time after time has the lawless treatment of our reading-room, together with the stealing of books from the stack and reference-rooms, been deprecated. But, as if spurred on by indignant college

opinion, an infinitely worse phase appears. Not only have these petty thieves carried on their work from day to day, but not long ago the main doors of the stack-room were pried open, and an entry evidently effected. What such a spirit will develop it is difficult to predict. It is hard to believe that we have men among us who have so far lost the first principles of honesty as to be classed among common house-breakers and thieves, yet facts seem to indicate as much. Business looseness, and even unmanly qualities, may be in part overlooked among college men, but such acts as this fail of finding excuse, and cannot meet too speedy punishment. The more such men there are among us the slower must be the advancement in college morality, and the sooner they go from among us the better it will be for all concerned.

There ought to be more among us writing poetry. Not to say that every college man can or should invoke the Muse, but there has been an evident falling off in the amount of verse written during the last year, without any apparent reason. Our department of Thistle-Down is intended to provide a place where beginners may have their verse published, if it has literary merit, even if every foot be not in perfect form. This department has also contained some of our best poetry, and we wish contributions to it might be still more numerous than in the past.

We have been very quiet about money matters up to date. Just now we will state that any of our subscribers wishing to avoid a dun, may do so, by handing the amount due to the business manager.

The next lecture in the "LIT." course will be given by the Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., '60, of Dorchester, Mass. His subject is—"The Religious Elements in the Constitution of the United States."

BY THE WAY.

I believe it is Hart who proposes the excellent scheme of having in view the complete mastery of some one branch of study while in college, as a modern or an ancient language, or some branch of either, as the drama. This need not be done at expense of the other studies, which can be given the time necessary for "lessons." In this way one could unite the general and the special methods, giving the faculties abundant exercise in minute investigation, critical and profound study, as well as giving them a broader training in general work.

We all know what advantage the man with a purpose has over the one whose efforts are without direction or aim; the singling out of some one study to which particular attention should be given through the course with the hope of final mastery, would give decided impetus to other study.

An American professor, many years a student in Germany, truly says,—“Our American graduates have at the present time too many studies, and are hurried through difficult and disconnected subjects at too rapid a rate.”

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“The qualifications necessary to constitute one of the animals called poets, are ragged elbows, empty pockets, and disappointment in love.”

This rather unique definition I found heading “Lines to a Young Lady” in a small volume of poems written by Jonathan Arnold, a graduate of Dartmouth in 1788. He was a singer of the “woods and streams,” as his two odes to the Passumpsic and Connecticut abundantly testify.

“Passumpsic, Hail! who glid'st along
Unknown to melody or song.”

After graduating from Dartmouth he was a tutor in the college of Rhode Island. Some of his poems were published in the *Dartmouth Eagle* in 1794. This poet is, I believe, the first on record at Dartmouth, and his modest little volume I found hidden away in the alumni alcove, which is rich in similar curiosities. Here are the Life and Writings of Rufus Choate, and the works of Webster, lamentably battered and worn, and here an Icelandic grammar by Geo. P. Marsh '38.

H. K. Oliver's Hymns represent the author of "Old Federal Street," who graduated from Dartmouth in 1818, and upon whom the college conferred the degree Doctor of Music in '83—the only one of the kind ever given. Testimony is borne to the profound scholarship of Prof. Thos. Crosby by the large number of Greek texts which represent his careful work.

Nothing is more interesting than the files of the old publications, the *Anvil* and the *Aestrus*: even the locals are interesting, and take us back to times when the persons and scenes now of college tradition were among the "strange things we see." In the pamphlet cases are class histories and reports, interesting when taken in chronological order, as showing the development in such work. The very pat title of a sophomore history is, "A Tale of the Wilderness: or, A Year in the Saddle." There is a great predominance of theological works on the shelves of this alcove, showing the large percentage of ministers among the early alumni. But law, medicine, and science are well represented though meagrely when compared with books on theology.

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No course of study during senior year offers better opportunity for careful research, or extensive reading in connection with the subject, than that of economics. No research better repays the student in informing him in matters of intense practical interest, such as our banking and currency system, and the laws under which we live, and act, and exercise the rights of citizenship.

How ably, with what credit to the college and benefit to the students, the chair of political science is filled we all know. It is as

much the methods of work we acquire by contact with a professor, as the specific information we get, that is of real help to us. Here is a subject that appeals to every one who hopes to be an intelligent citizen, taught in a careful, thorough, and painstaking manner; and to any who wish to give this subject special, or even fair, attention, let us add a word of warning. Do not burden yourself with other studies or other interests, thinking that with only two studies senior year you can easily accomplish much outside work. The collateral reading on this course of economics is so vast that it ranges all the way from statistics to fiction, and you will need the time that would be devoted to a third study, to give it even moderate attention.

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Above my seat in the recitation-room is a view along the Appian Way, with the old dismantled tombs of the nobility of Rome lining its sides. There is something about this road, as it stretches away into far perspective, that suggests the Roman: the precision of its course, its uniform width, its even, level curbing, all stamp it as the work of some ruler of the Eternal City.

I was much surprised to read the other day that this road was completed from Rome to Brundisium about 30 B. C., and extended over a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. It was the great artery of trade between Rome and southern Italy, but after the fall of the empire, these tombs, which from the gate of St. Sebastian down to the foot of the Albano are counted by thousands, were stripped of their ornaments of marble and statuary, and later infested by robber bands which preyed upon travellers. Afterwards another road was built parallel to this great thoroughfare of early days, which in time became overgrown and fell into disuse.

I was looking at the picture one morning, and imagined I saw the dismantled tombs restored to their former grandeur, and along the road there was an appearance of the life and activity which those well worn flags once knew. It is early morning, and a single person in monk's attire is measuring with his steps the long

shadows of the tombs. As he hastens on, he turns to look back at the city he is leaving, and the face is that which we see so often ascribed to St. Peter. He is fleeing from the persecutions of Nero, but sees approaching him, with head bowed, his former master. "*Domine, quo vadis.*" "To Rome, a second time to suffer." Peter, abashed, accepts the rebuke, turns about and retraces his steps, which he knows will lead him to martyrdom.

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As he passes from sight, the imperial post—a closed car with the arms of the empire blazoned on its sides and drawn by two horses at full gallop—goes thundering by, and the foot travellers stand on the side of the road, wave their hands, and shout as it passes. It comes near colliding with a long line of private equipages, which, with its retinue of clients, passes at a more leisurely gait. Now come great wagons laden with corn from the seacoast and the South, and venders of small wares from the *campania* begin to crowd the road. The sun now gilds some chariots that come from the *Porta Capena*, and the small folk scatter before these insignia of nobility; they are clearing the way for a triumphal procession; the car of victory is momentarily expected to come in sight, and the citizens

"Have climbed up to the walls and battlements,
To the towers and windows, yea to the chimney-tops,

* * * * *

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome."

Now it is Cicero, who would never follow anything that other men began, who loved his Rome as Richelieu loved his France, returning from exile, and welcomed at the gates by a rejoicing senate and people. Now appears a little band of Christians conversing earnestly with a man of small stature in their midst. Is it the dauntless Paul? They mind not the taunts from a passing car, but press on towards the walls— Did I hear my name? Yes, and I must answer *non paratus*, and leave my reverie with a flunk.

THISTLE-DOWN.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

"We have just received the last volume of this most valuable work."—EXCHANGE.

Orations and theses are robbed of their stings;
The disputant's troubles have taken on wings.
Achilles to Xerxes—the list is complete:
Xanthippe and Socrates bow at our feet.
Our woes, our trials, all are past,—
The Ency. Brit. is done at last.

Oh, joy to the plugger! Oh, bliss for the dig!
No more Analytics and dusty old Trig.,
For now, spread before him, lie treasures untold,
More dear than to misers are mountains of gold.
Let musty tomes away be cast,—
The Ency. Brit. is done at last.

Ozora S. Davis.

MIST.

The soft waves lap the rocky shore,
O'er all the morning mist is hanging,
While strangely faint, yet strangely clear,
A warning bell is slowly clanging.

O dreary morn! why pout and sulk
Behind your veil of fleece retiring?
Ye lordly trees! why bend and weep?
My eye but longs to be admiring.

The steamers scream, the fog-bells ring,
Within my heart suspense is rising;
Must this damp shroud o'erwhelm all rest,
And fill my breast with doubt's surmising?

But, lo! the sun breaks forth at last,
The scattered mist-wreaths swiftly driving;
Adown that path my loved one comes,
To keep the tryst we've been contriving.

C F. Robinson.

"EVENING WHISPERS."

Over the hills in the West sinks the sun ;
Dark fall the shadows ; the long day is done.
Soft are the whispers that evening brings,
Peaceful the song that the rising breeze sings,—

Naming the friends whom the years stole away,
Sorrows that darkened our merriest day,
Joys of the morning, the labor of noon,
Snow-drifts of winter, and roses of June.

"Dark are the shadows, yet bright are the stars ;
Love is the force that the future unbars ;
Hope in the shadow, and work in the light,"
These are the whispers that come with the night.

Ozora S. Davis.

HOPE AND CARE.

I need not describe my companion. On his brow the wrinkles of ages were smooth.

We two were floating, buoyed by the measureless force of Kronos, swayed by the ceaseless circles of Kosmos. Suddenly I felt a presence, and seeing nothing, timidly, fearfully questioned the lake-like depths :

"Who art thou?"

An echoing tinkling reached my ears, as of bells of kine on distant meadows.

"I pass over the earth, seen and unseen by human eyes. I light on the long lashes of the maiden loved, hide among the instruments of the aged scientist and burrow in his papers, eluding his palsied touch, rest a moment on some throbbing heart, and hum a tune into an ancient's ear, which straightway he forgets and would give worlds to know. Children see me best whose eyes are yet liquid with the dawn of life."

"O malicious sprite! let me, too, see thee."

My voice sounded hollow.

"No malice of mine, but the malice of men, prevents my being clearly seen by all."

The ether before me rippled like the laughing of sunlight upon water, and quivered and shone like a rain-drop just about to fall. As I glanced at my companion, I knew he beheld her immortal image.

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Scarcely had we floated on, when a monster swept past armed with a spiny scourge and heavy chain. From his belt hung a human skeleton.

"I follow, but she knows me not, but men know me!"

And he cracked his scourge till sparks flew from the spines.

"Gaze longer," said the voice beside me.

As I looked, the colossal shrunk to human, the human to pigmy, shape.

"I have long since ceased to see him," said my companion.

CRAYON BLEU.

The life of the archaeologist must be one of ever increasing delight. It is a pleasure to study our own social organism, and to see the libraries and buildings with which our great cities are gemmed; but to wrest a library or a temple, a custom or an institution, from the oblivion which time would gladly cast upon it, this must indeed be

"A joy without canker or cark,
A pleasure eternally new."

And where would one rather work than in the Eternal City!

Necessarily we must receive every statement of the archaeologist with a large degree of caution. We justly demand breadth of intellectual equipment, as well as long personal experience, from any investigator before we credit his opinions as authoritative. These are the qualifications, possessed in an eminent degree by Prof. Lanciani, which give to the new revelation¹ of ancient Rome its great value. The publishers have spared no pains to make the book beautiful, and their success is complete. From first to last the work is of absorbing interest, and its value to classical students will hardly be overestimated. It is not a restatement of facts already known; it is, rather, a charming account of fresh discoveries. There are chapters devoted to the police and fire departments, libraries, public places of resort, and sanitary conditions, of the city; together with accounts of the Tiber, Claudian harbor, and Campagna. But the chapters which best illustrate the scope of the book are, perhaps, those on "The Foundation and Prehistoric Life of Rome," and "The House of the Vestals." In the former, Prof. Lanciani combats the statement of Prof. Middleton, in *Ancient Rome in 1885*, concerning the discovery of an Etruscan city, which existed "before the legendary regal period, on one of the largest hills" of Rome. On the other hand, he would demonstrate, "first, that Rome was built by colonists from Alba Longa; secondly, that these colonists were simple shepherds; thirdly, that the foundation of Rome dates from the age of bronze." This attempted establishment of the validity of the traditional sources of Roman history is pleasant; yet the explanation of the city's foundation by the Alban shepherds seems to us a little indefinite and unsatisfactory—a trifle short of a "demonstration." In the chapter on the house of the Vestals the author has reached a height of interest. Tracing the origin and growth of the worship, he passes on to a description of the Atrium Vestae and the final decline and extinction of the institution. This chapter, throwing a flood of new light on that order which for eleven centuries preserved the fire in their temple and was the repository of the sacred secrets of the state, reads like a romance, yet with almost the authority of history. We would like to speak of the chapter on libraries, but space forbids. Every student of Latin should read at least, and own if possible, this valuable book on the city around which is centred so much of his delightful study.

¹*Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries.* By Rodolfo Lanciani, Professor in the University of Rome. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1889. \$6.00.

*General Astronomy*¹ is a work by a distinguished alumnus and former professor of Dartmouth, which reflects great credit upon its author and publishers. The widely known abilities of the author as a teacher, lecturer, and investigator, particularly adapt him to the work of producing a volume which shall serve as a model text-book for daily recitations in higher institutions, as the manual of the special student of Astronomy and allied subjects, and as the valued book of reference for the library of the general reader. The language and explanations are not drily scientific, nor are they popular. Science is not lowered to be popular, but the lay reader is lifted up to the level of science. Few volumes of five hundred pages can be found which open up more new ideas and new truths for the learner than does this. The naked laws of Mathematics are given a practical clothing: nearly all the principles of modern Physics and Chemistry find their application in some phase of the subject: and the more than two hundred well executed engravings add much to the clearness of explanation and general interest. The arrangement of the book is such that certain of the more abstruse sections and chapters, of interest chiefly to the special student, may be omitted without marring the continuity of the work. It is now ten years since a book of similar scope has appeared in this country, and the volume before us gives especial attention to the great advances recently made, and making, in the line of Physical and Stellar Astronomy; yet the chapters on Instruments, Central Forces, and Tides are more fully treated than the time will allow for most classes. Perhaps the least satisfactory section is that on the Seasons, and the most interesting to the reader those chapters on the Sun and Stars. The book has been adopted for the Academic and Chandler classes, and will soon become more or less familiar to many readers of the LIT. F.

"Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen," as Carlyle reverently called the author of Waverley, has become "Sir Walter, pride of all lovers of 'shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness,'" one whose glowing pages charm old and young alike. It is well to acquire an appetite for an author by tastes, now and then, of his best; and a certain account of "a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases," read and re-read in the dog-eared reader, has inspired many a school-boy with a desire to know more of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The pleasant introduction² to Scott which a Dartmouth alumnus proposes for his young friends, needs no justification. Mr. Blaisdell is ardent but careful. He has arranged concise introductory matter, and prefaced each selection with an explanatory notice. The selections are representative of the best in Scott's fiction, the type is large and clear, and the volume valuable because adapted to an existing need.

Judith.³ "The poem of Judith was composed, in or about the year 856, in gratitude for the deliverance of Wessex from the fury of the heathen Northmen, and dedicated, at once as *epinikion* and *epithalamion*, to the adopted daughter of England, the pride, the hope, the darling of the nation." This is the theory propounded by Prof. Cook concerning this interesting early English epic fragment in his admirable edition. This is, in scope of treatment, all that could be desired. The poem is studied in nearly every possible phase. There

¹*A Text-Book of General Astronomy*. By Charles A. Young '53. Boston and London: Ginn & Co., 1888. \$2.25.

²*Readings from the Waverley Novels*. Edited by Albert F. Blaisdell, A. M., '59. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1889.

³*Judith: An Old English Epic Fragment*. Edited by Albert S. Cook. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1888. \$1.25.

is an interesting autotype fac-simile of a page of the text, then follow a copious introduction, the text and translation on opposite pages, a complete glossary, bibliography, and repeated and peculiar phrases. The whole is bound in a unique coarse cloth. It is a gem of editing.

Testa.¹ In "Nathan the Wise" Lessing puts these words into the mouth of the maiden Recha, when asked where she has acquired her knowledge: "I learned it from my father's lips alone, and, for the most, could tell you how, and where, and why he taught it me." We venture that Enrico could have made a like statement upon his return from San Terenzo and his shrewd uncle's teaching. *Testa* is a book for boys, packed full of helpful thought put in attractive form. There is genuine poetry in "Little Laurina Tries to Extinguish the Sun," a tender pathos in "The Green-Glass Bottle," and incentive to a zealous patriotism in "The Story of Ipsilon." It reveals many an unknown feature of the new Italy. Its style is simple, its truths are old, but it has a charm and freshness about it which will make it a real pleasure.

French Reader.² Prof. Super has prepared a reader which is a novelty among others of its class. It is one of those volumes which the student delights in, containing, in handy form, text, notes, and vocabulary. It is, in every sense, a preparatory reader. The first part contains translations, from Andersen mainly, into easy French; the second is occupied by selections of moderate difficulty, mostly from Dumas and Daudet; the third is Xavier de Maistre's "Les Prisonniers du Caucase;" and the fourth is made up of verse of simple construction. Slight changes have been made in some of the selections. The vocabulary illustrates, by type, the connection between the English and French words. For beginners this reader is admirably adapted,—so simple that the translation does not become too much of a burden, and so constructed that a vocabulary will become fixed, progress can be seen, and a moderate familiarity with the language acquired with comparative ease.

The excellence of Allen & Greenough's *Latin Grammar* is too well established to need restatement, and the revision³ of this valuable work is an important addition to the tools of the student's work-shop. The size of the old edition has been increased 150 pages by the additions. These are to be found in nearly every section. Among the most useful of the enlarged portions are the chapters on "Verbs" and "Formation of Words." A valuable "Index of Verbs" has been placed in the Appendix. The new grammar is admirably adapted to the needs of both the young and advanced student of Latin.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following books: *Report of the Commissioner of Education*, 1886-'87; *The History of Education in North Carolina*, by Charles Lee Smith; *Industrial Education in the South*, by Rev. A. D. Mayo. Washington: Government. 1888. The last two are monographs prepared under the auspices of the Bureau of Education. We have also received the *Seventh Annual Report State Board of Health, N. H.* Manchester, 1888.

¹ *Testa: A Book for Boys*. By Paolo Mantegazza. Luigi D. Ventura, translator. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1889. \$1.25.

² *Preparatory French Reader*. By O. B. Super. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1888. 80 cts.

³ *Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar*. Revised and enlarged by J. B. Greenough and G. L. Kittredge. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1889. \$1.35.

Scribner's for March is a strong number. The best of the verse is Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Vestis Angelica." "Some of Wagner's Heroes and Heroines" is interesting. The feature of the magazine this month is a brilliant final paper, "An Animated Conversation," by Henry James.

The *Dial* is an excellent critical journal. Its leading papers are always interesting, and its shorter articles are able. It gives a valuable list of books of each month. But is it always fitting to reprint its own table of contents in "Topics in Leading Periodicals"?

The *Atlantic* for March contains a poem by Mr. Whittier, "The Christmas of 1888," in the same delightful vein in which he has shown himself master as author of "Snow-Bound." John Fiske contributes an article on "Ticonderoga, Bennington, and Oriskany." This number is up to the high standard of the magazine.

Dr. William A. Hammond, the world-famed specialist in mind diseases, says,—

"NEW YORK, July 10, 1888.

"I am familiar with various systems for improving the memory, including, among others, those of Feinaigle, Gouraud, and Dr. Pick, and I have recently become acquainted with the system in all its details and applications taught by Prof. Loiset. I am therefore enabled to state that his is, in all its essential features, entirely original; that its principles and methods are different from all others, and that it presents no material analogies to that of any other system.

"I consider Prof. Loiset's system to be a new departure in the education of the memory and attention, and of very great value; that, it being a systematic body of principles and methods, it should be studied as an entirety to be understood and appreciated; that a correct view of it cannot be obtained by examining isolated passages of it.

"WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.

"To Prof. Loiset, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y."

EXCHANGES.

The Exchange-editor is out of sorts. Everything has conspired to make the usually pleasant task of reviewing a miserable grind. Our environment is at fault. O for the "glowing grate," or the sputtering, crackling "log on the hearth"! The wretched substitute is a stove that, despite shakings and pokings innumerable, obstinately persists in imitating a refrigerator, while the elements are at war outside. And instead of the "wreaths of smoke" from the "priceless meerschau" or "fragrant Havana," with the attendant beatific visions, a cold in the head and a cubeb are the realities. Indeed, the "easy chair" is the sole requisite for editorial happiness of which we can boast. Yet we should be happy, uncomfortable as we are, did not our guests disappoint us. The philosophers in the company are very prosy and common-place; the story-tellers are tiresome—oh, so tiresome! and the poets,—well, the poets are absent to-night, and are represented by a few upstart rhymesters, whom St. Valentine has called into existence with their stale conceits of roguish Cupids and bleeding hearts. Away with them!

In our present mood, the oft quoted remark of novelist Howells derogatory of college literature does not seem so much amiss. We have our "spells" when we resent it fiercely, but just now the conviction is again forced upon us that, although undergraduate literary effort in general may not merit the famous *dictum* of Mr. Howells, much of it does, and that, very often. After all, it would be most unreasonable not to expect a decided fluctuation in the quality of undergraduate production. The literary man in college is preëminently a man of impulses and inspirations. The brilliant essay, the entertaining story, the graceful sketch, the artistic poem, cannot be ground out as so much grist from the hopper. The happy moment, or day, of inspiration comes, a little faithful work assists genius, and the brain-product is ready to please and interest the college world. But impulse and inspiration are fickle servants. They will not come at one's bidding, and the college *litterateur* is as often without their aid as with it.

The courtesy which makes due allowance for this unavoidable unevenness of literary merit, and the sympathy coming from practical knowledge of editorial difficulties and trials, forbid us to yield to the temptation to indulge in a little destructive criticism. We notice briefly two February exchanges, which most commend themselves.

We usually find something of interest in the *Harvard Monthly*. This time the stories, "The Hunting at Rossness," and "A Bit of Official Tragedy," divide our attention. The former has the most literary merit. The latter is a strong story, so far as regards the conception of the plot, but the slight element of unreality which pervades it, and the improbability of the occurrence in the sequel, somewhat mar its power. The absence of verse in the number seems a defect which should be carefully guarded against.

In great contrast with respect to editorial departments is the *Nassau Lit.* While the *Monthly* grudges a scant half dozen pages to one editorial and a few short book notices, "Voices," "Editorials," "Literary Gossip," and "Editor's Table" in the *Nassau Lit.* are departments which are oftentimes the most readable part of this always readable maga-

zine. "Literary Gossip," in the February number, is particularly good. It is no easy matter to maintain such a department, and the uniform success of the *Nassau Lit.* is most enviable. Our suggestion to the *Harvard Monthly* would be, "Go thou and do likewise."

It is a great pleasure to read the February number of the *Collegian*. We would like to find some fault just for the sake of pleasing the "Round Table;" but really, we see nothing to censure, and much to praise. Neither have we any suggestions to offer, for the few improvements that come to our mind are promised for succeeding numbers. The editorials are thoughtful, practical, and upon topics of universal interest. "Home Correspondence" promises to be a particularly valuable department, and, next to "Eclectic and Critical," the one that will be most read. The first letter of "Foreign Correspondence" points out in an interesting manner the difference between student life at home and in Berlin. The "Athletic" department will form a most handy compendium for reference, if care be taken to make it accurate. Of the contributed matter, the opening article, by Professor Spring, offers very important suggestions on a difficult and much disputed subject, "The Teaching of English Literature in the College Curriculum." "Nurick Life" is a pleasant sketch, in style somewhat after the manner of Irving. The "Modern Novel" is an ideal for a short essay. The other articles, clipped and contributed, are of no little interest and merit. The verse is of excellent quality. The following is good fruit of the shears:

"THE WORLD DOTH HOLD BUT ONE FAIR MAID."

When Sleep, that puts to flight the marshalled host
 Of daily care, swift-dying hopes, and woe,
 Hath gently drawn me to his breast; when lost
 Are all day's burdens; then doth softly grow
 Upon my sense, with cadence sweet and low,
 Soft strains of melody; my soul is swayed
 With all love's bitter-sweet, as o'er me flow
 The song-waves, and they sing,—ne'er will they fade
 From out my heart,—"The world doth hold but one fair maid."

My closed eyes then feast, content, on thee,
 O lovely dream-face! and the soul displayed
 Deep, deep in thy dear eyes, smiles forth. I see
 Thy rich, dark hair; I see thy cheek arrayed
 In dainty flush; I feel thy kisses laid
 Upon my answering lips; about me twine
 Thine arms. "The world doth hold but one fair maid."
 O dream-face! leave me not, as I am thine,—
 So—wake me not—so let me dream that thou art mine.

—*Collegian*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

The sixth annual meeting of the Grafton and Coös Bar Association was held at Lancaster, N. H., February 1. The discussion of the prohibitory amendment was participated in by Hons. W. S. Ladd '55, Ossian Ray '69 hon., Harry Bingham '43, and Alvin Burleigh '71. Reminiscences of Grafton and Coös courts and lawyers were related by ex-Judge Jonathan E. Sargent '40. In the evening the annual banquet was held at the Lancaster house, and was attended by an unusually large number. The occasion was enlivened by music, both vocal and instrumental. Among those who responded to toasts were Hon. J. E. Sargent '40, Hon. Harry Bingham '43, and Hon. Daniel Barnard '65 hon. A poem was read by Hon. J. H. Dudley '62.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections has appointed as a committee to examine into the existing laws in New Hampshire in reference to the insane, and to ask such legislation as may seem to be demanded for the same, the following: Hon. James W. Patterson '48, of Hanover; Hon. William S. Ladd '55, of Lancaster; Hon. William L. Foster '60 hon., and Dr. Irving A. Watson '85 hon., of Concord; and Hon. David A. Cross '41, of Manchester.

At the Delta Kappa Epsilon banquet in Boston, February 12, the following Dartmouth men were present: Edwin DeMerritte '69, S. L. Powers '74, N. W. Ladd '73, W. L. Quimby '86, and J. H. Quincy '84. Hon. George A. Marden '61 was elected president for the ensuing year, and S. L. Powers '74 a member of the executive committee. N. W. Ladd '73 was one of the speakers of the evening.

Ex-Gov. Redfield Proctor '51, Hon. Henry C. Ide '66, and Hon. William E. Johnson '62, were among Vermont's representatives at the inauguration. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to mention here that Dartmouth is now represented in the president's cabinet by Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War.

A long felt need at Dartmouth has been a course of lectures by graduates of the college on subjects of interest to the students. This need has been supplied this year by arrangements made by the Lit., by which an Alumni course is being given, free to all. Professor Luther T. Townsend '59, of Boston University Theological School, opened the course Monday, February 11, with a very pleasing and instructive lecture on "Transcendentalism in Every Day Life." The subject was treated in a popular manner, and was well attended, and much praised. Monday, February 18, ex-Senator James W. Patterson '48 delivered his fine historical study of "The Adoption of the Federal Constitution by New Hampshire." A more scholarly study of the great men and great issues involved in that critical time is rarely met with. He was followed, on March 1, by Hon. George A. Marden '61, treasurer of Massachusetts, who read a poem on "Hash." The poem was characteristic of Mr. Marden, witty and instructive. He will be followed by Rev. Arthur Little '60, of Dorchester, Mass., Charles R. Miller '72, editor-in-chief of the New York Times, and Dr.

John Ordronaux '50, of Columbia college. Dr. Ordronaux will speak on "Corporations as the Great Commercial Force of Modern Times."

'35. Rev. Daniel Goodwin, of Mason, recently reported dead, is in good health, and a short time ago celebrated his eightieth birthday, on which occasion he was visited by a large number of citizens and ladies and presented with money and articles of value. Congratulatory speeches were made, to which the venerable clergyman made a felicitous response.

'36. The wife of President Bartlett is rapidly improving in health at Pasadena, Cal. The president recently gave a short address on the occasion of a dinner given by the city of Pasadena to Prof. Pickering, of Harvard, and Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, who will make a forty-inch telescopic objective to be mounted on a peak near the place. This glass will be the largest in the world, and will be used by the University of Southern California.

'37. Gen. Gilman Marston has been appointed United States senator by Gov. Sawyer from the 4th of March until the legislature in June provides for the next six years to

'39. Rev. John P. Humphrey, who died recently at Northfield, Mass., was born at Derry, N. H., April 29, 1817. He graduated from Andover Theological Seminary in 1844. He was ordained on February 3, 1847, and among his locations were Winchester, N. H., Hubbardston, Mass., and Northfield. His death was the thirty-seventh of a class of sixty-one, he being one of the twenty-five survivors who are preparing to hold their semi-centennial reunion at the coming Commencement.

'44. Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, librarian of the Boston Public Library, lectured on "Josiah Quincy, the Great Mayor," in the old South meeting-house, February 25. His lecture was in the course on municipal government and reform, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship.

'46. Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D. D., has been invited to write a history of his native town, Dover, N. H. A subscription will probably be made by the wealthy citizens to send him to England next year to consult original documents, and to collect matter for his intended work. His son, W. D. Quint '87, will go as private secretary.

'47. Hon. Samuel N. Bell, of Manchester, who died from pneumonia at Woodstock, N. H., on Friday, February 8, was born in Chester, N. H., March 25, 1829. He was a son of the late Chief-Justice Samuel D. Bell, and grandson of the late Samuel Bell, an ex-governor and ex-United States senator of New Hampshire. He read law with Hon. William C. Clarke '32, afterwards attorney-general of the state, at Manchester, and was admitted to the bar in 1850. He was early successful as a lawyer, and had a most honorable record at the bar. In 1874 he was offered by Gov. Weston the position of chief-justice of the supreme court, but declined it. During the later years of his life he practised but little, devoting the most of his time to the care of his extensive financial interests. In politics he was a prominent Democrat, but was never known as an active party man. In 1871 he was chosen a representative to the Forty-second Congress from the old Second District. In 1873 he failed of a reelection, but in 1875 he was again chosen to the Forty-fourth Congress. Early interested in the railway development of his native state, at the time of his death he was president of the Suncook Valley, the Pemigewasset Valley, and the Concord & Portsmouth railroads; clerk of the Boston, Concord & Montreal, the Profile & Fran-

conia Notch, and the Whitefield & Jefferson railroads. He was the proprietor of Deer Park hotel at Woodstock, and of extensive real estate in Manchester. He was a member of Washington Lodge, Mt. Horeb Chapter, Adoniram Council, and Trinity Commandery of Knights Templars, all of Manchester. He never married. His funeral took place at the Hanover Street Congregational church at Manchester, on February 11. The church was crowded to overflowing by people who gathered from all sections of the state, New Hampshire's most distinguished citizens being in attendance. The services were under the auspices of the Trinity Commandery. A eulogy was pronounced by ex-Senator J. W. Patterson '48, who served in congress with the deceased.

'52. William C. Fox, a lawyer of Wolfeborough, has gone on a pleasure trip to Florida.

'55. Congressman Nelson Dingley, Jr., delivered an address at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at Boston, January 31, on "Remedies for the Decline of American Shipping." He advocated a judicious system of rebates on duties and subsidies for American ships engaged in the foreign trade. His work in the last congress has given him rank as one of the most skilled in marine matters of the country.

'59 non-grad. At the fourth annual banquet of the Michigan Club at Detroit, February 22, General William Cogswell responded in an eloquent speech to the toast "The Duty and Lesson of the Republican Party."

'60. Dr. Lyman B. Howe, of the Medical College, is supplying the place of Dr. Gerrish, of the medical faculty of Bowdoin, who is passing the winter in California for the benefit of his health.

'60. Colonel J. N. Patterson, of the New Hampshire Third Regiment N. G., will attend, with his command, the military parade of the coming centennial celebration in New York.

'61. Hon. George A. Marden presided at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts Press Association in Boston. Hon. W. E. Barrett '80 was among the speakers at the banquet.

'64. Hon. Albert P. Charles died in Seymour, Indiana, February 11, aged forty-nine. He studied law in the office of the late Hon. S. N. Bell, of Manchester. He has been mayor of Seymour three terms, was a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, 1884, and, at the time of his death, was Grand Master of the Masonic Order of Indiana.

'64, '67 Med. Coll. Dr. Silas W. Davis, a prominent citizen of Tilton, N. H., has died in Orlando, Florida. He was born in Gilford, N. H., on March 29, 1841, was fitted for college at the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton. After receiving his degree of M. D., he was assistant in the course of lectures on surgery at Burlington, Vt., but later established himself in practice in Plymouth, N. H., where he remained until 1880, when impaired health compelled him to resign active duties, when he travelled extensively in the North-west and South for the benefit of his health. Dr. Davis operated extensively and successfully in the negotiation of Western mortgage loans, was a trustee of the Iona Savings Bank of Tilton, and president of the Citizens' National Bank of that place. For three years he was superintendent of schools in Plymouth. On November 11, 1869, he was married to Mrs. Dora D. Johnson, daughter of Col. John Keniston, of Plymouth, and they had two children. He attained success in his profession, especially in surgery.

'64. Rev. J. W. Scribner resides at New Hampton, N. H. He has at present no regular pastorate, but often assists other pastors in evangelical meetings, and takes much interest in Sunday-school work.

'65. Hon. Henry E. Burnham is president of the Manchester Lincoln Club, and presided at the celebration of Lincoln's birthday, on February 13.

'70. Judge Eugene O. Locke, of Florida, has a communication in a recent Boston *Journal Supplement* on "The Status of Southern Republicans."

'72. The Haverhill, Mass., school board, Albert L. Bartlett, superintendent, recently prosecuted six fathers, who were alleged to have violated the law concerning the attendance of their children the required time upon the sessions of authorized schools, the children in question being pupils at St. Joseph's Parochial school. The objection made to this school was that the instruction was largely in French, and was far below the required standard. The case was lost in the police court, and has been appealed to the probate court. The case is provoking much comment in Massachusetts, and may bring out some defects in the school laws. Horace E. Bartlett, '69, is also a member of the school board, and a member of the Committee on the Examination of Private Schools.

'76. Prof. James F. McElroy, of Adrian college, Michigan, has received a gold medal for scholarship from the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, of London.

'76 C. S. D. Frank P. Hill, librarian of the Salem, Mass., public library, has resigned his position to accept a similar place in Newark, N. J., at a salary of \$2,500 a year.

'77. The class secretaries, John M. Comstock and Christopher M. Goddard, have issued a directory, giving the residence and occupations of all the living members of the class. The pamphlet contains obituary notices of Edward C. Carrigan and John Cooper Winslow, and notices of the marriages of Merriam, Wentworth, and Tillotson. The occupations of the class are as follows: Business men, 22; lawyers, 19; teachers, 17; physicians, 11; ministers, 9, of whom 3 are missionaries; no occupation, 2; newspaper man, 1; mechanical engineer, 1. In the Chandler class, 21 are in business of various sorts; 4 are civil engineers, 3 physicians, 2 lawyers, 1 teacher, 1 electrician, and 1 newspaper man. This includes all non-graduates in both departments.

'79 holds a reunion this year, and will probably occupy the house chartered last Commencement by '78.

'79 C. S. D. Prof. Hiram A. Hitchcock, of the Thayer school, is a member of the commission of five which recently were in New York city examining plans submitted for the proposed Nicaragua canal.

'79 C. S. D. W. M. Mason, a building contractor of Concord, N. H., was married on March 5 to Miss Amy Chase, of the same city.

'80. Rev. R. P. Herrick, formerly of Manchester, N. H., is president of the new seminary at Montevideo, Minn.

'80. Wm. P. Johnson was in Hanover for a short time about March 1. He is located in San Francisco, where he manufactures paper.

'81. C. F. King has been appointed a judge of the police court in Glens Falls, N. Y.

'83. Edward L. Gulick has presented the college museum with valuable specimens of implements, articles of clothing, shells, etc., from the Caroline Islands.

'84. George H. Bowles is in the first class, Harvard Medical College.

'84 Med. Coll. Dr. George A. Blodgett, of Dorchester, N. H., died recently, aged 34.

'84 Med. Coll. Dr. Stephen Vittum, of Laconia, has been appointed a pension examining surgeon in Belknap county.

'85 and '87. The *Critic*, in speaking of the "Dartmouth Lyrics," says,—“The prevailing note is imitative, of course, the predominating reflections in the glass being of Swinburne and Austin Dobson. Yet the work of Wilder Dwight Quint ['87] is so dainty as to deserve something more than the praise due to clever imitation, while the faultless structure in the various poetic forms handled by Richard Hovey ['85] might easily teach a lesson to many of our accepted versifiers.”

'85 and '88. L. E. and A. M. Weeks are about to commence the publication of a new Republican newspaper at Laconia, N. H., to be called the *News and Critic*.

'85 C. S. D. Otis Hovey, T. S. C. E. '89, has accepted a position as instructor in engineering at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

'86. A. H. Chase writes to each member of his class for a personal letter for the class report, which he hopes to have completed by next Commencement, when the class holds its first reunion.

'86. Arthur Fairbanks and Miss Moody will be married in the spring, and will go at once to Germany, where Mr. Fairbanks will study in the universities.

'87. In place of the usual Thursday prayer-meeting, January 17, Mr. Eastman, a Sioux Indian, a graduate of Dartmouth college, and now a student at Boston University, gave a brief sketch of his early life.—*Wellesley Courant*.

'87. The Harvard *Crimson* says that Alexander Quackenbos will not play ball this season, on account of pressing work in the medical college.

'87. A pleasant social event in the city of Haverhill, Mass., was the marriage on February 7, of Harry Cleveland Sargent, of the firm of Hodgdon & Sargent, shoe manufacturers, and Miss Mary Emeline Gould, daughter of the late Charles C. Gould, of the same city. The ceremony took place at 11 o'clock A. M., at No. 22 Highland avenue, the nuptial service being performed by Rev. W. W. Everts, Jr., of the First Baptist church. The apartments were rendered beautiful and fragrant by a profusion of flowers, and the lovely bride was the object of admiration and interest. There was no reception, and immediately after the ceremony the wedding breakfast was served, following which the parties left in the noon Boston train for a brief wedding tour.

'87 Med. Coll. Dr. Geo. P. Hurd has been appointed physician and surgeon of the Middlesex (Mass.) house of correction and jail, in place of Dr. J. B. Taylor, deceased. Dr. Hurd is at present engaged at a hospital in Brooklyn, which he will leave to assume his new duties.

'88. L. F. English reports himself still following the “star-eyed goddess,” not at all cast down by temporary defeat. As proof, he sends his certificate card as delegate to the Tariff Reform Convention, held at Central Music Hall, Chicago, Feb. 19, 20, and 21, 1889.

'88. F. A. Whittemore has left his school at Hyannis, Mass., and takes the place vacated by the illness of F. L. Pattee, '88, at Eatontown, N. J.

'88 C. S. D. J. A. Cunningham is clerk in the freight office of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Newport, Vt.

'88 C. S. D. F. S. Berry is tutor in a family at Stamford, Conn.

'88 C. S. D. F. G. Atwell is teaching in Lyme, N. H.

'88 C. S. D. C. L. Cobb and C. T. McCarthy were in Hanover recently.

'88 non-grad. Irving S. Meredith has entered Union Theological Seminary.

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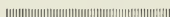
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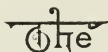
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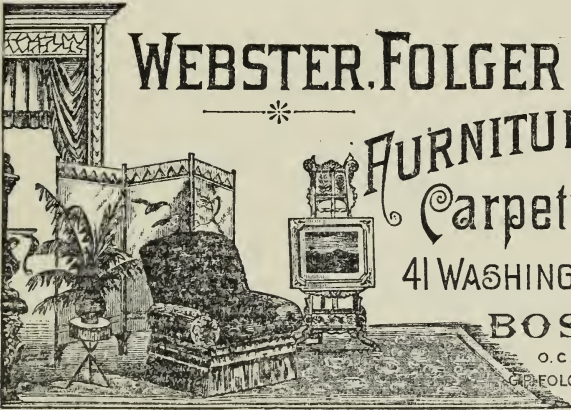
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